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PROMOTION IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

By DUNCAN CUMMING.

ENORMOUSLY rich in potentialities, the United States is, of all Powers, the poorest in its equipment for prompt action with an army in case of the emergency of war. This fact has been abundantly illustrated by the meagreness of the results obtained by the American troops in the Cuban campaign, after weeks of preliminary work in enrolling, organising, and equipping vast bodies of troops throughout the country, with an accompanying effusion of money and patriotism which has scarcely a parallel in modern history. And it must be remembered, too, that by far the greater part of the men who fought the Spaniards so bravely around the heights of Santiago consisted of trained and experienced regular soldiers.

Very different, in quality and amount, has been the work effected by the American navy in the present crisis. The navy is, and — except at moments when the western 'hayseed' element preponderated in Congress — always has been, the special pet of both government and nation. There is now little foundation for the belief — a belief which was at the root of the Spanish contempt of the American navy at the beginning of this war — that American crews are a decidedly mixed lot as to nationality — that American sailors, in fact, are made up principally of Norwegians, Germans, Kanakas, Italians, with a sprinkling of Japanese, and the Americans indifferently represented. Nowadays the majority of the sailors of the American navy are citizens. Even so far back as 1894, of the enlisted force of the navy, fifty per cent. were native-born Americans, seventy per cent. were American citizens, and over ninety per cent. were residents of the United States; while of the thirty per cent. of aliens, more than one-third had declared their intention of becoming citizens.

And not only does the United States navy stand much better in this important respect to-day, but there never was a time when places in it below the rank of commissioned officer were so attractive to native Americans. Several reasons might be given for this. One is, that the monthly wages of a large number of sailors in certain grades has been greatly increased in recent years, thus bringing the navy pay-list into favourable comparison with that of outside labour. But the chief reason for the great change that has taken place in the conditions of navy life during recent years lies in the hardly observed fact that, as the old wooden ships and the old-fashioned steam-propelled ships have given place to modern marine machines, the navy has become more and more suited to the taste of capable Americans.

This gradual change in the navy has wrought a marked change in the *personnel* of the petty officers and the enlisted men, as well as in the conditions under which they work. It may almost be said of the American as of other navies, that there are no more sailors. The only sailing-ships that ever move from place to place now are the school-ships and training-ships. True, the American navy still ships boys and seamen at wages ranging from nine to twenty-four dollars a month, to whom bounties of three months' pay are granted upon re-enlistment, and it is no uncommon thing to see an enlisted man paid off at the expiration of his three years' term of service with several hundred dollars to his credit. The regular blue-jackets of the United States navy are a decidedly well-paid, well-fed class, altogether much better off than their brethren of the merchant marine.

But now, besides seamen proper, the navy also ships a host of machinists, mechanics, boilermakers, firemen, and what not, at wages sometimes exceeding seventy dollars (£14) per month, besides board

and lodging, afloat or ashore. The new navy, as it grows, will need an ever-increasing number of men in these special classes—the classes that contain the pith of American ingenuity and skilled labour. There are now many new ships building—five battleships among them, while there are three others for which bids are soon to be solicited—and every new iron or steel steam-propelled monster that is added to the navy creates an increased demand for the skilled and high-paid classes of enlisted men. Already there are hundreds of machinists at seventy dollars (£14) per month, boiler-makers at sixty (£12), blacksmiths at fifty (£10), plumbers at forty-five (£9); water-tenders, oilers, firemen, and painters at from thirty to forty dollars per month (£6 to £8); to say nothing of copper-smiths, shipwrights, and coal-passers at wages varying from fifty dollars (£10) per month down to twenty-two dollars (£4, 10s.).

Even the seaman class, the worst paid of all in its lower branches, is very well paid in the higher ranks. The lad that enters as a third-class apprentice, at nine dollars per month, may reasonably hope to become chief master-at-arms at sixty-five dollars per month (£13); or, better still, he may attain to the coveted rank of warrant-officer, with pay and privileges the same as those of the lieutenant grades—namely, from twelve hundred dollars (£240) to nineteen hundred dollars (£380) a year, exclusive of board and lodging.

Let us glance for a moment now at the interesting class of naval apprentices—the carefully trained boys upon whom Uncle Sam founds his hopes of ultimately manning his ships exclusively with native American sailors of intelligence, experience, and sterling patriotism. If a boy decides to enter the American navy, there are two ways of setting about it. He can go either as an officer or as a common sailor; but in the latter case he must remember that, though he may rise to the honourable and well-paid grade of warrant-officer, he can never hope to tread the quarter-deck as a commissioned officer.

It may be interesting first, by way of comparison, to take a few facts and figures from the British navy, the only other navy worth consideration on the score of pay and promotion. Boys are taken into the British navy between the ages of fifteen and sixteen and a half years, and by diligence and good conduct can rise, as in the American service, to the rank of warrant-officer. They must make an engagement to serve for ten years on attaining the age of eighteen, and after that age they are rated as ordinary seamen of the second class, and ordinary seamen and able seamen as soon as they are qualified. When a boy enters the service he receives gratuities of £5 for outfit and £1 for bedding, and on being rated a first-class boy he receives a further sum of £2, 10s. for clothing purposes.

The scale of pay, besides a liberal supply of provisions, is as follows: Boys receive from £9 to £10, 12s. a year; ordinary seamen from £18 to £23, able seamen from £29 to £32, petty officers from £35 to £58, and warrant-officers from £100 to £164 a year. Men are allowed pensions after twenty years' service, or when disabled, of from £18 to £52 per annum; and those who remain in the service after twenty years can obtain larger pensions. Warrant-officers receive pensions rising to £150 a year, and pensions are granted to their widows. To sum up, then, any ordinary boy who joins the English navy has it within the possibilities of his career to become one day a warrant-officer, and to retire with a pension of £150 when he is not necessarily more than forty years of age.

Turn we now to Uncle Sam's side of the account. Boys of good character, who have no physical defect, and who can read and write fairly well, are admitted into the American navy between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years. They must serve till the age of twenty-one as boys or junior seamen, and after that age they rank as seamen or petty officers. They are allowed a sum of forty-five dollars (£9) for outfit. To discover the exact number of petty officers on board a fully-equipped ship is a puzzling affair; but, at all events, the number of these minor prizes is encouragingly large; while still higher up, as the final goal of the common sailor's aspirations, are the four warrant-officerships—held by the boatswain, the carpenter, the gunner, and the sailmaker—whose pay and privileges, as stated above, are the same as those of the junior officers.

The pay of boys enlisted as third-class apprentices is nine dollars (about £1, 16s.) a month; the next promotion to second-class brings ten dollars (£2); the next, to first-class apprentices, eleven dollars (£2, 4s.) a month. Farther up the scale we find second-class seamen apprentices, with nineteen dollars (£3, 16s.), followed by first-class seamen apprentices, with twenty-four dollars (£4, 16s.) a month. The latter two grades correspond respectively to ordinary seaman and able seaman, or simply seaman, whose pay is also nineteen and twenty-four dollars a month. From a comparison of these figures we can see that a first-class seaman apprentice, or a seaman, receives two hundred and eighty-eight dollars (£57, 12s.) a year, a sum which is one hundred and twenty-eight dollars (£25, 12s.) in excess of the highest paid to a first-class seaman in the British service. Even a third-class apprentice in the American service receives more pay than an English naval cadet; a second-class seaman apprentice receives more than an English midshipman; while an American lieutenant or boatswain receives in pay a sum far in excess of an English lieutenant's pay, even with all the occasional extra money allowances thrown in. An English lieutenant's highest

pay is about £185 a year; the pay of an American lieutenant or warrant-officer ranges from twelve hundred dollars to nineteen hundred dollars a year (£240 to £380). This, then, is the income to which a poor boy may reasonably look forward to attaining in the American service; and at the age of sixty-two years he can retire with a pension of three-fourths of his current pay, just the same as a commissioned officer. That is, he can carry with him on his retirement a perpetual order on the Treasury for a sum of from nine hundred to fourteen hundred and twenty-five dollars a year (£180 to £285), the lower figure of which considerably exceeds the £150 which is the utmost limit of the British warrant-officer's pension. The latter, however, has one great advantage, and one which tends to the good of the British service by hastening promotion—namely, that he can carry away his substantial pension of £150 when he is not more than forty years of age. Even if the American seaman does not attain to warrant rank, there is still the middle grade of the petty officer, whose name is legion in the American navy, and who receives from twenty-seven to seventy dollars (£5, 8s. to £14) a month, and can retire with a pension after thirty years' service. Even the lad with a gift for music may easily get himself transferred to the special class that includes musicians, writers, and apothecaries, and here the wages vary from eighteen to sixty dollars (£3, 12s. to £12) a month.

There is a special provision of law to encourage good men to remain long in the service. The ordinary term of enlistment is three years, and by this provision any honourably-discharged man who re-enlists within three months from the date of his discharge returns to the navy with one dollar per month additional good conduct pay. The extra dollar is added at each re-enlistment, and there may easily be half-a-dozen re-enlistments, or, for that matter, a dozen. It means that a good man who sticks to the service for life gets a three months' vacation with full pay every three years, followed by an increase of pay.

It usually happens that the man who thus enlists and re-enlists has reached the grade of petty officer at his third or fourth enlistment, and after that the larger pay of his new rank increases regularly a dollar per month every three years, should he choose to remain in the service. And if physically disabled, a man, after ten years' service, is entitled to a pension of eight dollars (£1, 16s.) a month, and after twenty years' service to half his pay. In addition to these privileges, frequent short furloughs of from three to six days are granted to enable boys and men to visit distant relatives, and always on full pay. A boy has almost unlimited daily liberty, and while in port, if his home is near, he can stay

there from Saturday to Monday if he is not in debt.

Reverting again to the skilled workers in the United States navy to-day, the mass of them receive in the long-run better pay than the average wage-workers on shore, without counting the added advantages of subsistence, credit for service, pension, &c. It is true that mechanics in the navy receive nominally smaller wages than men of their trades ashore, but then they are subject to none of the uncertainties of business or weather, or the stoppages caused by sickness. The navy 'goes right on' in times of panic, and there is no docking for illness. Employment and pay are secure for the rest of a man's days, and promotion is almost within his own control. Nearly every walk in life in America has ex-members of the navy in its ranks, for it has been found by hundreds who have been plucky enough to try it that a cruise will do much to educate and develop a bright young fellow who wants to get a few hundred dollars ahead, with a little experience-of life thrown in.

The aristocratic organisation of the United States navy has doubtless hitherto kept many self-respecting native Americans from enlisting, but the service is vastly more democratic in practice than in theory. In this respect it offers a refreshing contrast to the army. Anything more pleasing than the harmonious blending of the strictest discipline with the heartiest camaraderie, so characteristic of the relations between officers and men on board a well-regulated American warship, is not to be found in any other department of life. True, no enlisted man may hope to become a commissioned officer; but the enlisted man of tried ability and known good conduct always earns the respect and consideration of his superiors. The brutal officer of the deck is almost unknown in the United States navy, and the self-respecting enlisted man is rarely made to feel that any one looks down upon him. And the seaman whose own conduct does not curtail his 'liberty' may see foreign parts as an enlisted man in a satisfactory and instructive fashion. There are hundreds of enlisted men in the navy of the United States who are as thoroughly trusted ashore as the most staid inmates of the ward-room. A man's repute in this regard is not left to mere chance, but is matter of careful record. The young man who makes up his mind to endure with patience a life of discipline and regularity invariably finds the American navy agreeable, interesting, and profitable.

Perhaps these few remarks, founded on a close examination of the subject at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, as well as on the ships and among the men themselves, may serve to explain to the interested reader the reasons for the popularity and efficiency of the United States navy.

THE SHIP-BREAKERS.

A FENLAND ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VI.—FOREWARNED.

DURING the years that John had known Hettie Beek they had never before passed an evening alone. Her father or Ruth or some other friend or relation had always, either intentionally or otherwise, prevented a *tête-à-tête*. How often he had craved for the chance that was at last given him of declaring his passion! The desire of his life had been to win Hettie's love. He had watched her in childhood playing among the piles of timber, and laughing at him roguishly between the chinks; and he had gradually realised as she grew to womanhood, and his love for her matured, that she could never be won unless he rose to be her equal in state and fortune. He had read that men had risen—risen from the lowest grade—to become the heads of great commercial enterprises; and he had sternly resolved to make himself indispensable to Beek & Son. He had reached that point at last—had passed it—was even within measurable distance of getting the ship-breaking business into his own hands. Fortune had been propitious, so far as he was concerned. Should he let the chance go by? It might never recur.

He had always had good reason to believe that Hettie was well disposed towards him; and although he had never dared to hope that he had more than roused her admiration, John sometimes imagined that he had occasionally caught her looking at him as though he had begun to win some favour in her eyes. He was weighing in his mind how to approach the subject, when a word from Hettie, without any preconceived motive, roused the impulse that he had held in check for so long a time.

'John,' said she as they sat over the fire on the night upon which Ruth was contemplating her flight to London, 'something has happened since our talk together—our talk about reconstructing the business. It has altered my views entirely. But tell me, have you seriously considered the manner of man you are dealing with in Lawyer Burtenshaw?'

'Yes; I know my man,' said John confidently, 'and I am ready to risk everything. Do you think Mr Burtenshaw can hoodwink me?'

'No; but, John,' persisted Hettie, 'when you spoke of retrieving the fortunes of the house with so much earnestness and generosity, it was for Ruth's sake—and mine; didn't you say so?'

'Yes, Hettie; for your sake.'

'But, John, let us suppose,' said Hettie, with

a business-like air—'let us suppose that Ruth and I—for reasons of a private nature—had resolved upon other plans. What should you decide to do then?'

'What should I do?' said John, perplexedly.

'Let us suppose,' resumed Hettie, 'that Ruth and I were averse to the scheme—so dead against it, John, that we had determined to go away and depend on our own exertions for an existence—would that really matter to you?'

'Matter? I wouldn't stop here a day,' said John. 'Lawyer Burtenshaw might step in and foreclose whenever he liked. What motive should I have left, Hettie, for rebuilding the fallen house?'

For a while they were silent. Hettie seemed to be pondering deeply. Presently she said: 'We've made up our minds, John, to face the world alone—Ruth and I. We shall have to live in a two-pair back, I suppose, and take in needle-work or washing. Doesn't that seem a possible solution?'

'It's madness!'

'It is Ruth's wish,' said Hettie.

John went over to Hettie's chair and bent over her.

'Don't go, Hettie; don't go!'

The colour deepened in Hettie's cheek. But she uttered no word of protest. Her face showed signs of animation which emboldened John to persevere.

'I love you. You know it, Hettie,' he said. 'Stay, and help me. The work is begun. Help me to complete the task. Have I not shown you what can be done? I only need your encouraging word. A look from you has often put new life into me—yes, when I have had good reason to give up every effort in despair.'

His words expressed no absolute revelation. Hettie realised that he was devoted: she had realised it long before Ruth spoke—before she and Jarvis were thrown—by a mutual solicitude concerning the fate of the house—so frequently together. But she had never until to-day fully realised what it meant. There was something in his attitude towards her that seemed to approach nearest to her ideal. He was a man of energy and pluck who knew the worth of a woman's helpfulness. His constancy—his force of character and passion—drew her irresistibly towards him at this moment when the need of it was great indeed.

'You hardly know,' pursued Jarvis, 'what insults I have borne for your sake—borne them

silently. I have been taunted a score of times, when he suspected my love for you, by your brother Gabriel. He did his utmost to drive me out.'

'I never guessed,' said Hettie thoughtfully, 'that I was the cause of Gabriel's injustice towards you. How you must detest him!'

'No! All that will be forgotten,' said John, 'if I can win your love. Is it still your wish to go away?'

'Mine? It's Ruth's wish.'

'Not yours?'

'No—not now,' said Hettie.

She had scarcely spoken—Jarvis was still bending over her—when the parlour door opened, and Mr Burtenshaw stepped into the room. How it was that neither of them had heard his knock, or even his familiar footstep in the hall, was beyond their comprehension. Hettie rose and came forward to greet him with the sense of dread his presence had inspired ever since that night upon which her father died.

'I must apologise,' said the lawyer, with a glance at the clock upon the mantelpiece—'I must apologise, Miss Beek, for intruding upon you at so late an hour. But the matter is urgent.'

He sat down in front of the fire, folded his arms, and tucked his spider legs under the chair. Never had he looked more like a weaver of webs, thought Hettie, than he looked to-night.

'The matter,' said he, looking from Hettie to Jarvis, who sat on either side of him—'the matter concerns you both. It is, therefore, most lucky that I have found you together.'

He scarcely seemed to expect any reply, though he paused with his eye fixed on Jarvis. The manager returned his glance.

'Have you submitted to Miss Beek by any chance,' Mr Burtenshaw asked him, 'the substance of our talk this afternoon?'

'Yes. You might be sure I should do that.'

The lawyer nodded.

'And does'—and he now eyed Hettie keenly—'does Miss Beek approve?'

Hettie met his eye unflinchingly.

'Is it of any consequence,' said she, 'whether I approve or not?'

'Of any consequence?' and the lawyer appeared to be weighing the question carefully. 'No; I should say not.'

'In that case,' said Hettie, 'we'll not discuss the matter. Still, if you should wish to know my views at any time, sir, Mr Jarvis can enlighten you.'

'Ah!'

And Mr Burtenshaw again looked from Hettie to Jarvis. Again there was a pause.

'The matter about which I have come to speak,' the lawyer resumed, 'has reference to this very affair. For since you broached it to me, John, something of moment has occurred. It may alter

my plans. When I reached the inn at Willoughby Junction, on my way home, I found my clerk waiting for me. He handed me a telegram. Read it.'

Jarvis took it from the lawyer and read aloud: '*On his track.—RUSHBROOK.*'

'What do you make of it?' said Mr Burtenshaw, scrutinising John's face keenly.

John shrugged his shoulders.

'Nothing? Then I shall surprise you,' Mr Burtenshaw resumed. 'It refers to that scoundrel—I beg your pardon, Miss Beek—I mean that fellow Gabriel.'

'My brother?'

Mr Burtenshaw nodded. 'Rushbrook's the detective.' And he put the telegram into his pocket.

'Now, I'll tell you,' he pursued, after a moment's pause—'I'll tell you what I've come about. If Gabriel Beek returns—if he ever ventures to cross this threshold—I'll not spare him. He has called me a spider at the "Red Lion" inn at Alford a dozen times. He shall have cause.'

The lawyer spoke in a tone of suppressed passion. His look was harsh and resolute, and as he concluded he struck his knee with his clenched hand. Then he rose and took leave of the girl with all the plausibility of a trained courtier. John would have lingered, for he craved to have a word more with Hettie. But the look she gave him—a look of appeal which he could not fail to understand—made it impossible for him to stay a moment behind the lawyer. He went out, therefore, with Mr Burtenshaw's eyes never for an instant removed from his face.

'Now, John,' said the lawyer, taking him by the arm as soon as they were outside Beek and Son's premises, 'I must have one more word with you. Shall we take a turn upon the shore? I'm stifled. One can breathe, and speak more freely too, down there.'

A few steps brought them over the 'pull-over,' where the fishing-boats were hauled into the High Street in rough weather, down on to smooth, hard sand that had been recently washed by the tide. They walked in the direction of Captain Tudway's hulk, towards a wooden breakwater that stretched like the backbone of a whale across the beach at right angles, with its head buried in the dunes.

Between them and this breakwater there was a perfect desert of sand, still damp and glittering from the late ebb; and the white-crested waves were pitching languidly over it on a recurring tide. But there was no sign of languidness among the black, ragged clouds overhead. Swift and shapeless, like the winged demons of a coming storm, they swept beneath the moon, and flung their shadows ominously upon sea and sand.

Mr Burtenshaw, clinging more closely to his companion's arm, was the first to speak. 'I congratulate you,' said he. 'John, you've done a good stroke of business. No need to tell me your secret now. Best felicitations, my friend. She's a woman in a thousand.'

The familiar tone in which he spoke, while nudging Jarvis expressively in the side, brought a resentful flash into John's eyes. An angry word rose to his lips; but the training that he had had in self-restraint for years past now came to his aid. He knit his brows, and watched the angry clouds that were driving in from the sea.

'You're not content with the thought of making your fortune,' pursued the lawyer; 'you've set your heart on marrying that girl. Not bad, John; not bad. We shall work together famously.'

Again the lawyer pressed John's arm. It felt to him as though he were being drawn into his clutches; it was so unlike the pressure of friendship. Still, John could not but admit to himself that, if Mr Burtenshaw was playing a game—as he undoubtedly appeared to be—he had himself thrown down the first card this afternoon.

As though he had half-surmised John's thought, the lawyer went on: 'You wouldn't like to see that fellow Gabriel here again, and at the helm, would you?'

'Not I.'

'You know what would happen?'

'To me? Yes; I should be probably thrown overboard.'

'Head-foremost,' said the lawyer, 'if he knew how.'

They began to retrace their steps. The wild appearance of the night became more evident. A storm was close upon them. The first strong gust of wind struck them in the face as they turned.

'I may count upon you?' said Mr Burtenshaw. 'If that fellow's shadow ever falls within the timber-yard, John, you'll instantly inform me. Don't lose one second. As you value your own happiness, be swift and sure.'

The clouds grew blacker, and the wind swept down upon them with a rush. They quickened their pace, but it was not until they stood within the shelter of the 'Bacchus' archway that the lawyer released John's arm.

When Jarvis stepped into the timber-yard, after taking leave of Mr Burtenshaw, he still thought to find Hettie in the little parlour. He had confessed his love; but before it had been possible for Hettie to answer him—before she had been given time to decide his fate—the lawyer had walked in. Upon what a slight thread hangs the destiny of most men! As Jarvis crossed the yard the lights in the parlour were put out. How complete the darkness at that moment

seemed to him! A sense of superstitious dread crept over him as he turned despairingly and groped his way up the warehouse stairs to his old room among the beams and rafters.

Next day the discovery of Ruth's flight created a perceptible change in Hettie's attitude towards John. She appeared to avoid him. He marvelled that he saw nothing of her, except when the vexatious affairs of the house brought them together. Time went by, and John began to wish that Ruth would return, if only in order to restore Hettie to her natural self. One evening, when John walked into the parlour towards the supper hour, he was surprised to see Ruth lying on the sofa, just as though she had never been from home.

'Why, Ruth,' said he, stepping quickly forward and holding out his hand, 'is it indeed you?'

She looked up, blushing and trembling with delight at his kindly greeting. 'Oh John,' she said, making no effort to release her hand, 'I am so glad to see you and—Hettie again. I—I was afraid I should not reach home in time. I am so very thankful that I have.'

She seemed so agitated, though her eyes expressed intense happiness, that John hastened to ask, 'Is anything the matter?'

'I came expressly to warn you,' replied Ruth. 'I have seen Gabriel.'

Then she related every detail of the scene that had taken place in Mrs Clitherow's drawing-room in Nelson Square. 'You'll do your best to conciliate him, John, won't you?' she concluded. 'He seems so terribly in earnest.'

'So am I,' said John in a firm tone.

Ruth clenched her hands despairingly. 'You won't be warned,' said she. 'I thought it would be so.'

John placed his great hands gently on her shoulders. 'Dear Ruth,' said he, 'don't misunderstand—don't think me ungrateful for this concern you are showing about me. Indeed I am grateful. But don't ask me to conciliate your brother. I can never do that.'

'John! I'—

'No, no! He has opposed me, insulted me at every turn,' John interposed. 'But I've got the upper hand at last, and I mean to keep it, for Hettie's sake and yours, come what may.'

Still John pondered over Ruth's words, and her look and entreating tone were remembered long afterwards. She had come home in haste to warn him of a danger. John had not received so many tokens of kindly thought for his safety, or even for his well-being, that he could easily forget this incident. Besides, her warning had confirmed the admonition which Lawyer Burtenshaw had given him when they took that memorable walk upon the shore; and Jarvis began to look out almost hourly for the return of Gabriel Beek.

TRACES OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN PALESTINE.



FEW things strike the traveller more forcibly, on a first visit to the Holy Land, than the evidences which abound on every side that that wonderful little country has had a history of its own since Bible times.

We are very much accustomed to think of Palestine only, or chiefly, in connection with the Bible; perhaps to pore over maps in which the familiar Scripture names appear, marked with tolerable certainty. It is easy and natural that we should lose sight altogether of the eighteen centuries and a half which have rolled over the Holy Land, like every other land, since the latest New Testament times.

When St Paul visited Judæa for the last time, Jerusalem was still standing in all its glory, though the dark clouds of coming doom lowered heavily over it. Of course we do not expect to find it so to-day; but we are apt to forget how many strange vicissitudes it has passed through in the meantime.

When, however, the traveller lands at Jaffa, and begins the journey inland, and still more when he follows the rough tracks that serve for roads among the villages of the 'hill country,' it is brought home to his mind, with an almost disagreeable force of repetition, that the ages which have changed Ancient Britain into Modern England have likewise, as might have been expected, left their mark upon the Holy Land.

It is true that the East is 'unchanging' as compared with the West. In spite of the railway which now connects Jaffa with Jerusalem; in spite of modern hotels at both places, which have sprung up to meet the requirements of modern 'pilgrims' from Europe and America; in spite of tourist agencies and English and German schools and hospitals, and Latin convents and Russian hospices—many things go on in Palestine to-day as they did in the time of the apostles, and for that matter of the prophets, and even the patriarchs. You may still see the peasant following his light Eastern plough in the Plain of Sharon, clad in the striped flowing *abba* of his forefathers; and his team is quite likely to be a camel and an ass, 'unequally yoked together.' The shepherd still leads his flock to pasture, and often carries just such a sling as that with which David felled Goliath to the earth. Women still grind the corn for the 'daily bread' of their households, and carry water on their heads from the village well. In fact, countless habits and customs remain to throw light upon the language and narratives of the Bible.

Moreover, a great many places keep their old

Bible names, or have returned to them, by preference, for the Roman ones foisted upon them for a time. We have *Beit-lahm* (Bethlehem), *Er-Râm* (Ramah), and so on; to say nothing of those places which recall the names of characters famous in Scripture history, such as *Neby Samwîl* (Mizpah, associated with the 'prophet Samuel'), *El-'Azariyeh* (Bethany, the scene of the raising of Lazarus to life), and *El-Khulîl* (Hebron, the burial-place of Abraham, 'the friend of God').

Then, as regards the inhabitants, there are, perhaps, as many Jews in Jerusalem now as there were in the time of Nehemiah; and there seems to be little room for doubt that the *fellahin* of the villages (nominally Mohammedans as a rule, but practically heathen) are not 'Arabs,' as they are popularly called, but direct descendants of the ancient Canaanites, who were never thoroughly exterminated or expelled by the Hebrew invaders.

Still, notwithstanding all such links with the remote past—the period which is covered by the Bible history—the traces of the nearer past are, perhaps, even more striking, because less expected. It is natural that the tide-marks of this long intervening period should appear; but the visitor is hardly prepared to meet with them in such profusion.

The old Land of Israel is, as it were, buried beneath layer after layer of mediæval ruins. In Jerusalem it is literally so; and the excavations, by which the Palestine Exploration Fund is seeking to identify many famous sites in and about the city, vividly represent the process of disinterment necessary if the actual Palestine of Bible times is to be recovered from beneath the rubbish-heaps and ruins—material, political and ecclesiastical—of the last eighteen centuries.

'I shall never think of it like this,' was the remark of an American visitor in the modern Garden of Gethsemane; and certain it is that the Palestine of to-day, with all its endless and amazing interest for the Christian student of the Bible, is, after all, in some respects, only the venerable mummy of the sacred Land of Israel, swathed from head to foot, as it were, in the grave-clothes of the bygone ages of the Christian era, though the day of awakening and restoration may be drawing near. On every hand are the traces not only of the more distant but of the nearer past.

Before the traveller is many miles inland from Jaffa, Ramleh makes its appearance. Its name simply means 'sandy' (it is on the Plain of Sharon); but our attention is drawn to its White Tower and its Mosque, which was once a church. Both

belong to the Christian epoch; and the latter is a relic of a Christianity now and for many ages past almost submerged beneath the dominant Mohammedanism. And as the modern pilgrim journeys on, and Jerusalem itself is reached, he is reminded of the fact, at least half-forgotten by many of us, that there have been two distinct periods of Christian ascendancy in Palestine: the first that of the Christian emperors; the second that of the Latin kingdom established by the Crusaders, of which Godfrey de Bouillon reverently refused to be crowned king.

Stand in front of the south door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; at your feet is the last earthly resting-place of an Anglo-Norman knight, D'Aubigni (or Daubeny), a Crusader; but enter the church, and descend the long flight of steps near the north-east corner: here you find yourself in the ancient chapel of St Helena, the British mother of Constantine the Great. Yonder is the niche where, tradition says, she sat and watched, with credulous reverence, the digging (on a lower level still) which was believed to have led to the discovery (the 'invention,' to use the Latin term) of the true cross. This was early in the fourth century, some seven hundred years before the time of the Crusades.

Again, go 'even unto Bethlehem.' The noble Church of the Nativity—which, in all probability, marks the true site of the khan where our Redeemer was born—belongs, like the oldest part of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to the fourth century, when the veneration of the 'Holy Places' became a mark of devotion, after the example had been set by the Empress-Mother Helena. But on the ancient pillars may be found the rough autographs of the Crusaders; and when you leave the convent, and walk the streets of 'the city where David dwelt,' the fine-looking Bethlehemites whom you meet—every one of them professing Christians—are a living memorial of the sojourn of these Western knights of old, from whom they claim to be descended.

Now let us return to Jerusalem, and then wend our way along the valley of the Kedron, as it winds south-eastwards from the Holy City. Far down, in a lonely spot about mid-way between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, where the valley has deepened into a gorge, and the heat in summer is so insufferable that it may account for the name it bears (Wâdy-en-Nâr—'the valley of fire') here, among the gray hills of the Desert of Judea, a strange pile of massive buildings clings to the cliff-side, and climbs hither and thither about the almost perpendicular rocks.

It is the Monastery of Mar Saba, no modern convent, but a venerable Greek Laura, which was already ancient in the days of Saladin and Cœur de Lion. In fact, this is the hermitage alluded to in Sir Walter Scott's *Talisman*. The rocky

cliffs around it have been honeycombed for centuries, as they are now, with hermits' caves; and it was here that 'St Stephen the *Sabaite*' wrote ages ago, in the original Greek, the hymn familiar to us—'Art thou weary?' The old Laura looks half a fortress; and, in fact, it has seen terrible deeds of violence in days gone by; as witness that heap of skulls, the relics of hermits martyred by the Persian king Khosru (Chosroes), in his invasion of Palestine during the later days of the Roman Empire.

We will return once more to Jerusalem, and follow from thence the wild, desolate road which, after passing Bethany, leads, by a succession of long descents, towards Jericho and the Jordan. We are almost exactly in the track of 'a certain man' of old who 'went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers;' it has happened to many since those days. But when we emerge at length into the Plain of Jordan, with its semi-tropical vegetation—the deepest depression, probably, on the surface of the earth—we find no 'city of palm-trees.' Here, indeed, at the entrance to Wâdy Kelt (*possibly* Brook Cherith), is the site of 'Herod's Jericho,' the city of Zacchæus, and of 'blind Bartimæus.' We have seen the remains of a mighty aqueduct which supplied its citizens' thirst in those days. And some distance to the north is a *tel*, or mound, marking the place where 'Joshua's Jericho' once stood. Close beside it is 'Elisha's spring.' But the wretched little village of *Eriha* (Jericho), which lies some way to the east of both the Bible sites, inherits nothing but the name, and seems to date only from the time of the Crusades. The city of Old Testament times has been followed into decay and demolition by the city of New Testament times; and, in the ages since, a new city has sprung up, and all but disappeared like its predecessors, while not a single palm-tree is to be seen.

And so elsewhere; for these are but a few instances. Far and wide among the hills of Palestine, beside or upon the ruins of Hebrew or Roman buildings, you will find crusading castles, now themselves in ruins, and Christian churches, either fallen into decay or utilised as Mohammedan mosques. The Mosque El Aksa, at the south end of the great temple area, was certainly built for Christian worship; while the 'Dome of the Rock,' popularly miscalled the 'Mosque of Omar,' may possibly have been both a heathen temple (when Jerusalem was *Ælia Capitolina*) and a Christian church, before it finally became a Mohammedan shrine.

Truly Palestine has a history in the nearer past which to most of us is all but a blank. As we wander half-bewildered among the relics of Old Testament and New Testament times, mingled with those of the Christian centuries when Mohammed was yet unborn, and relics of the later period, when the long struggle between

the Crescent and the Cross was being waged, now themselves obscured by later changes still, it dawned upon the mind with ever-increasing clearness that the present state of the land and the

people of Palestine is the outcome of centuries upon centuries of conflict and desolation, 'change and decay,' which have rolled over it since the days when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judæa.

THE GOLDEN BARS.

CHAPTER III.

LN less than a week it was known pretty well in Shirley that Godfrey Harvey could not possibly hold on after Michaelmas. His mad ride to Wanborough on the morning of the birth of his child was now clearly understood. His lawyer, under stress of liabilities, which in the end had sent him fleeing from the country, had sold the Springfields mortgage deeds to Harvey's neighbour and worst enemy, Squire Stringer of the Grange. Every one knew what that meant. It was known to every one also that several writs and summonses were in the house; for the pock-marked man in brown who had served them had said as much in the kitchen of the 'Blue Boar.' 'Yes, gentlemen,' he had added, 'an' there are more creditors waiting for a spring, you mark my words! Farmer Harvey's a done man—a done man, gentlemen.—Missis! another pint.'

So it was that good folk, as they passed by the old farmstead, gave it a long look as if they had never seen it before; or as if, now that misfortune had fallen upon it, its familiar features had taken a new aspect which wanted gazing at. Harvey would see them sometimes when he looked up from his writing-table—he was often seated there nowadays—and his lips would stiffen and his dark brows draw together at the pull of the moment's pain and bitterness. Then he would look down at his papers and books again to stare afresh at the inexorable figures which spelt ruin for him.

Oh, the curse of it! He had seen it stealthily coming, but, with the tail of his eye, as it were, not daring to boldly look at it. It had heartened him more to look ahead of things; to ride round the farm and note the rich promise of the year; to nurse the hope that, after all his reverses, he might yet be able to parry the impending blow, and in the end win back something of his old financial freedom. But now—it was only too plain—bankruptcy stared him in the face.

He sat in his chair one night and stared back at it. He could do so now with calm eyes and even with a sense of rest. The inevitable, once seen by owners of reason, is both quietening and stimulating. With resignation it will bring to most strong natures a dogged defiance, a

do-what-you-will attitude of mind, which will float them over the most turbulent sea of trouble. To-night the low growl of thunder approaching had a sort of menace in it which stirred Harvey strangely. He got up and paced to and fro, and with every fresh growl his jaw hardened the more and his eye took a steelier light. But presently he sank into his chair again with quivering lip. It was at the thought of his wife and child—the thought that the former had still to be told of this disaster; that the latter could never be heir of Springlands.

Harvey's young wife had won a heart to which one passion was the passion of its life. For these many years it had been so, and for four of them she had been the idolised queen of the yeoman's little kingdom. But he, as its ruler, had never intruded his troubles and anxieties upon her. They had been burden enough to him, but he had felt equal himself to the carrying of them, and he had done so, saying nothing. She was as ignorant now of the coming crash as the babe she had borne him. The reflection pierced him through.

He sprang to his feet and resumed his pacing to and fro. The storm-fiends flashed their swords and bellowed at him, while the windows shook under volleys of hail which might have been so much small-shot. Godfrey walked and turned, turned and walked, heeding nothing.

He must have covered a couple of miles when at last he came to a halt, watch in hand. The watch saw a face as hard as brass, a mouth of scorn, eyes which had the devil in them. Harvey, on his side, saw that it was close on midnight. The storm was grumbling its way down the vale, and a faint drip, drip without told him that the rain had gone with it.

'The court opens at ten. At ten thirty the petition will be filed. Good. Now for a turn in the open.'

He left the room, carefully locking the door, as his habit was. Then, reaching for his hat, he moved to the garden exit of the house, but stopped short at seeing a shaft of light across his path. It came from the kitchen. Who could be about at that hour? He pushed open the door and looked in. At the same moment Dame Druce looked up. She was plucking fowls.

'Why so busy, dame?'

He went in and sank down on a chair. A new thought had lamed him. What would become of the dear old servitor who had nursed him as a boy, who had grafted herself by years of devotion on to the life of Springfields till she seemed indissoluble with it?

'They're for Wanborough market to-morrow, Master Godfrey. Sally was tired out with her dairying, an' her head was a-nodding, an' her mouth stretching fit to crick itself; so I sent the wench to bed an' started on them myself. Moreover,' said she, looking across to him with her keen, dark eyes, 'fowl-plucking helps a body to think, just as knitting a stocking does; an' I want to think, Master Godfrey—I want to think.'

He looked at her sharply.

'Yes; I know. You can't hide things from me as you do from the missis. Your face tells most when you fancy it tells nothing at all; an' more than that, there's a public at Shirley with four-ale to loosen tattling tongues. The man in brown likes his four-ale.'

He sat silent with compressed lips.

'But never mind what he may have said, Master Godfrey, or how much may be known in Shirley about your affairs. Have you ever given a thought to the money your great-grandfather drew at the time of the Wanborough Bank scare? Have you ever considered it likely that the thieves who stole in, an' then stole his poor life, as well as the plate an' things, never found the money at all, in spite of their ransacking high and low? Has it ever crossed your mind, knowing as you do of all the queer holes an' corners an' secret places in th' old house, that the money might be lying here now? Or if not here, under the roof, that it might be somewhere near? Think now!'

Harvey did think, and with kindling eyes.

'He drew the money in gold,' continued the dame, 'because he never could abide paper-money of any sort; but, as far as I have heard, not a soul in the place ever saw him handle a guinea of it. How can we be sure, then, whether them thieves did so either?'

'It was a natural inference,' exclaimed Godfrey. 'The safe was found empty, and it was known that he constantly used it for depositing his cash in.'

'Safe! It were little better than a tin box,' cried the dame. 'They make such things different nowadays. He might have turned the lock on ten, or maybe twenty, pounds; but would he put away more than a thousand pounds in such a flimsy thing, with a crowd of dirty pea-pickers within a stone's-throw of his winders? Would he do that and carry his keys to market with an easy mind?'

Godfrey fidgeted in his chair.

'But my grandfather with his own eyes saw him lock up the money!'

'Maybe so. But did he see him unlock it? Did he, now?'

Harvey pushed his hand through his hair, staring at her hard.

'Becky, there's just enough reason in your theory to make it a torture to think of. I would raze Springfields to the ground if I thought its old bowels held in them this treasure. The money, little as it might come to, would tide me over these difficulties, and leave me a bit of margin to forestall others. Is it here, or is it not here?'

'I should say it's not here,' said Dame Druce, making the feathers fly.

'Why?' queried Godfrey, tugging at his hair.

'Because he was so fond of the Priory ruins,' said the dame darkly.

'The Priory ruins! A heap of old stones. The idea is absurd,' cried Godfrey.

'Maybe so; but it's got inside me, an' bothers me like a worm in the head. The Priory, you see, was the trysting-place when he an' Miss Stringer that was were courting. An' it was the post-office, so to speak, where, when they couldn't meet, they planted their notes and things. Many's the time he was seen coming down the lill feasting on a letter he'd found there. He was as blind to watchers as he was to the molehills he'd tumble over. No one could ever find the hiding-place—it was known to them two alone. The poor lady died, as you know, an' the better part of him went to the churchyard with her; but just before his death he took to going again to the Priory—sometimes by the lane, sometimes by the secret passage, which at that time hadn't been walled up. It may have been old feeling as pulled him there; it may have been something else. When a man has money in his pockets or out of them he likes to look at it now and again. Master Godfrey, before you knock down Springfields get your hand in by starting on the Priory ruins.'

'But why, with such a clear head between your shoulders, has all this not occurred to you before?'

'Because I did not know till three hours ago that the passage was not bricked up till your grandfather's discovery of it five years after the murder.'

'And who told you that?'

'Old Jacob Fellowes, who did the work with his own trowel. He came back to Shirley yesterday to stay with his son Saul, Mark Ruthwood's landlord. Mrs Baxter had asked him to bring the barn for to-morrow's baking. I gave him a drop o' perry, an' because he'd had drops before here, in times gone, it took him back to them, an' that's how it came out about the passage.'

Godfrey started up.

'I'll take a walk to the Priory, dame. I should like to study its old features by the light of this theory of yours. It has made

them quite interesting. But I may as well have a light of another sort. Where's the lantern—the dark one?’

‘In the usual place, Master Godfrey; just

inside the wash’us, on the left-hand shelf. But I doubt whether you’ll want a light more than half your time. The sky is ablaze with the sheet-lightning the storm has left.’

INDUSTRIES OF IRELAND.—THE POPLIN MANUFACTURE:

A ROYAL FABRIC.

By MARY GORGES.



WE may well name the Irish Poplin ‘a royal fabric,’ both for its own intrinsic merits and for the favour it has received from our Queen, beginning even before her coronation and steadily continued since.

On entering Messrs Atkinson’s poplin warehouse, College Green, Dublin, we see enshrined in a glass case against the wall two bits of the poplin ordered by the Duchess of Kent in 1836 for the Princess Victoria. The design is the rose, shamrock, and thistle, wrought in colours and running in bands across a white ground. It has a quaint look now, this remnant of a robe which once adorned the slight figure of the girl to whom the world was opening out its wonder-story, whose heart was beating high with hope and joy and anticipation. How many hopes have been fulfilled, how many joyous anticipations realised, what homage and what triumphs have been hers, of how many pageants has she been the star and centre, since those days of innocent girlhood! And oh! what nights of weeping, what anguish of bereavement, what cares and troubles and perplexities, have embittered that cup of earthly splendour! These little bits of poplin bring it all back; and linking their memories with that of the great Jubilee, not long past, we pause a moment with softened thoughts to ‘look upon this picture and on that!’

The young Queen was not long in showing her appreciation of Irish poplin. In August 1837 she appointed Mr Richard Atkinson ‘Irish Tabinet Manufacturer to Her Majesty;’ and there has never been any great wedding or public occasion since without an order from the Queen for this beautiful fabric, an example followed by the royalties and aristocracy of all lands.

The poplin manufacture in Ireland owes its origin to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when thousands of silk-weavers from Lyons sought refuge in England, and settled at Spitalfields, London, a portion of these subsequently setting up their looms in Dublin in 1693. In the hands of their descendants the trade remains; no one, even now, when all customs and traditions are being ruthlessly trampled down, ever dreaming of infringing the unwritten law which forbids apprenticeship to the silk-weaving outside of the community.

Why this manufacture should take root and prosper in Dublin as it has done I know not; but it is a fact that nothing really excellent in poplins can be had elsewhere, so that Ireland may fairly claim it as a speciality of her capital. In the old streets of Dublin are splendid houses, now given up to dust and decay, down whose noble staircases once fluttered the beautiful women who adorned the Irish Court of the day; and it requires little imagination to picture them arrayed in the lovely brocades of their native land.

But the manufacture had not attained its present perfection and variety till after the Jacquard loom was invented in 1800, when a simple pedal put in motion by the weaver’s feet superseded a complicated and difficult plan, by which, when the design was richly figured, the threads were grouped into a system, and raised simultaneously by a child, or ‘drawboy,’ in the order and at the time required by the weaver.

Poplin is the successful combination of silk and wool, the dyeing of which requires the greatest skill and care, the most delicate shades having to be produced to order. Considering its beauty and great durability, it is relatively an inexpensive material, ranging from three shillings and ninepence to eleven shillings and sixpence per yard, and in brocades from six shillings and sixpence to seventeen shillings and sixpence per yard. The tissue used in the gold and silver brocades is of the pure metal. I was informed by the courteous manager of Messrs Atkinson’s firm that they are at present manufacturing a superb white poplin with rich design in gold for a great wedding soon to take place in London. Three pounds five shillings per yard seemed by no means an extravagant price for so beautiful and costly a fabric. These brocades are greatly patronised by the Queen and the Princess of Wales, and notably by our American visitors.

The proverbial reproach of Irish apathy certainly does not apply here, for the poplin manufacture has not been allowed to fall behind in the keen competition of the day. It owes much to the late senior partner, Mr R. Atkinson, who brought to bear on it talent, taste, and a judgment of colours ‘seldom equalled, never surpassed.’ There is a new light texture, gossamer poplin, in the softest shades, and in tartans and checks, which forms a lovely material for children and young

ladies' dresses, as well as blouses, ties, &c. I find that a dress length of any special colour can be made to order in fourteen days, and any original design carried out. A charming design (of wild flowers, I think) was recently forwarded by a young lady, which, worked out on the ground chosen, produced a most lovely effect.

Little of the old Huguenot blood is left, yet the weavers retain some French characteristics. Thrift is one (though my informant, an employer himself, adds 'not strikingly so'), and they are 'a very cheerful, contented body, labour disputes being unknown, employers and employed working harmoniously together.'

Weavers are paid by the yard, and the earning-power varies greatly. Sometimes a man earns a higher weekly wage on a work at ninepence or tenpence per yard than a more clever and experienced workman on a finer at one shilling and fourpence per yard, needing great care. Some of the work runs to four shillings a yard (to the weaver), and in heavy gold brocades to eight shillings—this latter being so severe a test of the man's skill and care that it may not mean more than three pounds a week. Some men have made fourteen yards per day of tartan, requiring six shuttles, at elevenpence per yard (three pounds seventeen shillings per week), and could keep this up for weeks, no machine probably being able to do as much of such fancy work. Still, the average

wage hardly exceeds one pound five shillings per week, including elderly men and apprentices, some seeming to find it all they can do to earn fifteen shillings per week.

Several women are among the weavers, and 'they make careful workers, clean and reliable.' I may add that all the warping and winding is done by women.

When Princess Alexandra of Denmark arrived in England for her marriage, she wore, on her entry into London, a poplin gown in a soft shade of lilac, which she had ordered to be manufactured by a Dublin firm for the occasion. On the state entry of Her Royal Highness into Dublin a few years ago, she appeared in poplin of a beautiful olive-green shade, and of a make of poplin then introduced for the first time, and ever since called 'Princess Poplin.' At Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck's exhibition of silk textiles at Stafford House, of more recent date, the Princess of Wales testified her appreciation of poplin in the genial way which endears her to every one. Messrs Atkinson's exhibit of poplins there was greatly admired and surrounded by an aristocratic crowd, among whom a way was cleared when Her Royal Highness appeared. The Princess went round the exhibit, looking at piece after piece with keen interest; finally, taking up one and passing it lightly through her hands, she exclaimed with emphasis, 'I love poplin!'

AN INCIDENT OF 1870.



Seven o'clock on the morning of the 2d December 1870, before it was fully light, the Würtemburgers surprised us by a sudden, rapid attack on Champigny, which we had only wrested from them two days before after severe fighting and heavy losses. Our troops, who had spent the previous day, after the engagement of the 30th November, in burying the dead and fortifying the houses in the village, believed themselves secure from any offensive return of the Prussians, and were, in consequence, taken at a great disadvantage by this unexpected sally. The Mobiles, numbed and stupefied by their night in the open air, were utterly unprepared for action, and, falling into disorder, retreated towards the plain; but several companies of the 35th proved themselves equal to the emergency, and stubbornly maintained their ground until the arrival of reinforcements. In spite, however, of the heroic behaviour of our troops, the Prussians once more gained possession of a considerable portion of the village, and it was not until the arrival of Trochu's formidable artillery that we succeeded in retaking one-half only of what we had lost, and, even then, merely by disputing it barricade by barricade, and inch by inch, under a raking fire from the enemy's

guns. Darkness at last put an end to hostilities and silenced the deafening roar of the *mitrailleuses* which had rattled incessantly throughout the day. Towards five o'clock I found myself, along with a small remnant of the 35th, in possession of a little wayside inn at the entrance to Champigny. It was a wretched place at best, riddled by shot and shell, and offered but scanty protection against the cold; and as I looked at the many poor fellows lying dead within and without its walls, and listened to the groans of the wounded, I thought that it had been dearly purchased. Our first consideration was for the survivors, especially those injured, whose terrible sufferings were cruelly aggravated by the fearful cold; so, after despatching the most urgent cases to the nearest ambulance, we prepared to mitigate, as far as lay in our power, the condition of those who remained. Owing to the amount of débris which the bursting of shells had dislodged from shutters and ceiling earlier in the day, there was no lack of tinder, and in a very short time I had the satisfaction of seeing my sadly-diminished company thawing their stiffened limbs around a blazing fire. With the help of a young lieutenant, named Lacaille, who had some slight knowledge of surgery, I then proceeded to give aid to the wounded, by the

application of rough bandages, torn from whatever came handiest, and hastily improvised tourniquets. The poor fellows accepted our clumsy ministrations with touching gratitude, and bore the rude and awkward handling without a murmur. When we had arranged things as comfortably as we knew how, and divided the scanty rations that remained equally among them, we turned our attention to stopping up as many of the breaches in the walls as possible; for even under shelter and beside a fire the cold seemed to penetrate to one's very marrow. From some prisoners who had been brought in that afternoon we had received the depressing intelligence that 150,000 Prussians were at that moment massed in the woods of Cœuilly; and through the gaps in the walls I could see the fires of our outposts, lighted by order of the general in the vain hope of deluding the enemy into believing our forces equally formidable. That night, while the thermometer registered ten degrees of frost, hundreds of our men were camped in the open plain around wretched smoky fires, built of freshly-cut logs, or packed closely together, the better to preserve vitality, crouched shivering beneath the walls of the houses in the village. The trenches, too, where the fight had been thickest, were piled high with our dead; and, under the cold light of the moon, the frost completed for the dying what the bullets had left undone. In spite of the number of wounded that had been sent off to Paris in the boats flying the white flag with the scarlet cross, the field ambulances were full to overflowing, and presented more the appearance of butchers' shambles than of hospitals.

By the time Lacaille and I had completed our self-imposed duties, and excluded as much of the biting cold as possible, night had fairly set in, and we began to think we had earned a brief respite from our labours. The apartment where we had taken up our quarters was large and spacious, with three good windows, and had evidently been the common dining-saloon of the hostelry, for it was situated on the ground floor, and bore traces of the Prussians' devastating occupation in the mutilated remains of a long table and a considerable number of bottomless chairs which were strewn around. A few of the latter had been cushioned, so we utilised the seats as pillows for the wounded, while the arms and legs furnished capital firewood. As the night wore on, the rough chatter of the men grouped around the fire became more and more desultory, until it finally ceased altogether; and, utterly exhausted, even the wounded at last found temporary relief in an uneasy slumber. Outside, nothing broke the stillness but the monotonous tramp of the sentries, as, fearful of pausing even an instant in the benumbing frost, they marched continuously backwards and forwards. After the din and roar of the battle, the silence of the night seemed almost abnormal, and I could not help envying Lacaille, who had fallen asleep where he sat, with his back against the

wall, and a half-smoked pipe still between his lips.

Although dead tired, I could not even rest quietly in one place, but moved constantly to and fro on one pretext or another, picking my way carefully over the recumbent figures on the floor. This acute restlessness, the result doubtless of over-fatigue, lasted for some hours, and it must have been getting on to three o'clock in the morning when, having thrown fresh logs on the fire and filled my pipe for the third time, I finally settled down by Lacaille's side, and, gradually succumbing to the drowsiness which was slowly stealing over me, fell into a sort of intermittent doze. How long this state of semi-consciousness lasted I do not exactly know, but all at once I was completely roused from it by a heavy fall, succeeded by a low reverberating rumble like the distant dropping of musketry. It seemed to come from the street, and in an instant I was on my feet and had seized a *chassepot*, convinced that the enemy was once more upon us. Rousing Lacaille, who had evidently heard nothing and was still sleeping profoundly, I told him my suspicions, and asked him to follow me as quietly as possible and without disturbing the men, as I did not wish to alarm them needlessly. The icy blast that greeted us as I unfastened the door sent the blood tingling to our very finger-tips, and made us appreciate more thoroughly the comparative comfort of the room we had just left. Not a soul was visible the whole length of the deserted street but one unfortunate sentry, whose shadow cast by the moonlight made him appear gigantically tall, as he shouldered his musket and came towards us with the usual challenge. He saluted respectfully as he recognised us, and in answer to our inquiries assured us he had heard nothing although he had been on duty for an hour, and had passed the hostelry just five minutes before. I was much puzzled by this assertion, but in spite of it insisted on searching the outside of the premises on my own account, and left no corner unexplored, but without discovering the slightest elucidation of the mystery. Lacaille, who assisted me, though in a somewhat half-hearted fashion, was evidently becoming rather sceptical about the matter, and suggested that the fall of some loosened plaster or raster might explain it. Seeing, therefore, that I had no better explanation to offer, and was likely to meet with little sympathy from either him or the sentry, whose teeth were chattering with cold, I contented myself with a parting injunction to the latter to keep a sharp lookout for anything of a suspicious nature, and led the way back to the house.

Some of the men whom our movements had disturbed looked up anxiously as we re-entered, but, apparently satisfied from our faces that nothing important was amiss, soon settled down

again, and resumed their interrupted slumbers. After warming himself at the fire Lacaille followed their example, and I was once more left to my own meditations. Although baffled I was not convinced, and as sleep was effectually banished as far as I was concerned, I relit my pipe, and began a minute and careful investigation of the room. I don't exactly know what I expected to find; but as I was poking about aimlessly in a heap of rubbish in a corner near the door my foot suddenly caught on something hard, and I narrowly escaped coming heavily to the ground. Stooping down to examine the cause, I saw, to my surprise, that it was an iron ring, apparently firmly attached to the floor, over which I had stumbled, and in an instant a new and brilliant idea flashed into my mind. Noiselessly and with the greatest care, I hastily cleared a space round it, and found, as I anticipated, that it was fastened, not to the floor, but to a trap-door let into it. Of course the natural inference which followed was that there must be cellars underneath of which we had been totally ignorant, and I now felt perfectly convinced that the unaccountable rumbling sound had issued from their depths. What ought I to do? Waken Lacaille and again ask his assistance in what might once more prove a wild-goose chase? No. I felt that it would be *infra dig.* to risk a second failure of the kind, and at once resolved to act on my own responsibility.

Quietly raising the lid, which moved easily on its hinges as if recently oiled, I peered curiously into the murky darkness beneath; but all that I could distinguish was the three top rungs of a ladder, which presumably connected the room where I stood with the premises underground. All was still as the grave, but nevertheless the impression that it was there I must seek the solution of the inexplicable noise grew stronger and stronger within me. Most probably, as Lacaille had suggested, it might be simply enough explained by the fall of some rubbish or plaster; but whatever the reason might be, I felt it incumbent on me as chief officer present to investigate the affair more thoroughly. Having arrived at this determination, I stuck a brace of pistols in my belt, lit a lantern with a brand from the fire, and, drawing the shade across it, returned to the trap-door.

I have heard it stated by people of experience that on the eve of a great danger one sometimes receives a warning; but for my part I can only affirm that as I sat on the edge of the trap, with my legs dangling over the unexplored abyss, I had no intuition whatever of the fate which awaited me below. There was a considerable drop from the floor to the first step of the ladder, and I endured a moment or two of very unpleasant suspense as I hung by my hands from the sides of the hatchway and groped wildly for a footing. I found it at last, how-

ever, and planted myself firmly on it; but even then I had to proceed with the utmost caution, as several of the rungs were either broken or missing altogether. The air as I descended smelt as damp and mouldy as a mortuary, and as the icy cold gripped me like a vice I repeatedly cursed myself for an officious fool as I groped my way to the bottom; and had it not been for a certain dogged pertinacity which has always been one of my strongest characteristics, I think I should then and there have gladly abandoned the adventure. As it was, having begun, I resolved to see it through, so continued to descend as noiselessly as possible.

It was no easy task I had undertaken, for, the cellar being deep, the ladder was proportionately long; and, in addition to being hampered by the lantern, my extremities were so benumbed with cold that they had little or no feeling left in them. At last I seemed to be nearing the end of my journey, as I could not feel any other rung beneath where I stood, and was groping helplessly for the ground with one foot, when I was suddenly startled by a sharp rustling immediately behind me. I swung round instantly, and my disengaged hand instinctively closed on one of the pistols at my side; but, to my infinite surprise, the rustling also ceased, and was succeeded by the same impenetrable silence. 'Rats, no doubt,' I said to myself, and was just on the point of uncovering my lantern with the intention of scaring them, when a new and unexpected noise made me again pause abruptly. This time I entertained no doubt as to its origin, for I had unmistakably heard a suppressed sneeze. At this certainty a cold perspiration broke over me as I stood precariously balancing on the ladder, while the danger of my position grew momentarily more imminent. That I had in my recklessness run my neck straight into the enemy's noose I did not for an instant doubt, especially when I remembered that only the previous forenoon the premises had been occupied by the Prussians. I have been through a number of adventures in my day, and run many hair-breadth escapes, but I don't think I ever felt such really abject fear take possession of me as at that moment. I think the darkness had something to do with it; for it is one thing to fight an enemy face to face in the open, and another to find yourself suddenly ambushed by an invisible, and consequently formidable, antagonist. At the thought of being outnumbered and probably butchered alone in that gloomy hole, within hail of my comrades, my manhood revolted; and as my courage reasserted itself I resolved to at least make a bid for liberty.

Glancing apprehensively upwards, I was intensely relieved to find that there was no betraying light visible through the door, which I had left open, as it was situated far from the fire, under a sloping part of the roof, in a remote corner of the room. This fortunate circum-

stance inspired me with the faint hope that my proximity might be still undiscovered; so, under shelter of the friendly darkness, I cautiously began to retrace my steps. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*; but that seemed likely to cost more than enough, for before I had attained the second, the wood creaked ominously beneath my weight. Discovery seemed imminent, and as if to increase the horror of the situation, I heard the men beginning to move about overhead. The cold, too, had begun to affect me seriously, and my hands, which were stiff as boards, had difficulty in retaining their grasp of the ladder.

I don't know how long I stood dumbly waiting there in an agony of suspense, with my heart thumping fiercely against my ribs—but it seemed to me like hours—before I plucked up sufficient courage to proceed. I had unfortunately begun to ascend with my back to the ladder, as that was the position into which I had fallen when first scared, so my upward progress was beset with even greater difficulties than my downward. I dared not attempt to turn, for I was now so powerless and unwieldy with cold that an uncertain or clumsy movement would probably cost me my life. With infinite care, however, I managed, by placing my hands on the rung above my head, to raise myself one degree higher, and had again paused to recruit before attempting another, when suddenly there was a loud exclamation overhead. In the excited state of my nerves this proved the proverbial last straw. With the unexpected shock I started and fell forward, almost losing my balance, and in a frantic effort to retain it the lantern slipped from my hold and fell crashing to the ground.

An ominous pause succeeded this catastrophe, in which I automatically counted the laboured beating of my heart, and then, as the oil ignited and flared blindingly up in my face, I heard a brief ejaculation of surprise, followed by a guttural German oath. The next instant I was dragged roughly to the ground; my arms were rudely pinioned to my sides; while at the same time I heard the unmistakable click of a pistol, and felt its cold muzzle pressed hard against my chin.

When Lacaille awoke and discovered my absence he was not at first surprised, as he supposed I had—as he termed it—got another attack of the fidgets; but as time went on and I failed to return, he became uneasy, and, on finding the open trap-door, seriously alarmed. His first idea was that I had fallen down and was probably lying unconscious at the bottom of the ladder, and in this belief he hastily roused some of the men, to whom he imparted his suspicions. It was they whom I heard moving about in quest of a rope with which to lower one of their number to my assistance, and it was Lacaille's exclamation on finding what he sought that unfortunately precipitated my fate.

As they were preparing to put their plan into speedy execution, they were suddenly arrested by a loud crash, followed by the muffled report of a pistol. For an instant they stood spell-bound, mutely staring into each other's frightened faces; but the next they were at the trap-door, and, looking down, beheld, brightly illuminated by the still blazing oil, the uniform of the hated Prussians. They were a small band of four officers who had secreted themselves there early in the day during the retaking of the hostelry, probably with the view to surprising us later on; and it was an unfortunate stumble over a wine-cask that had roused me from my sleep and attracted my attention to their hiding-place. Taken in a snare from which there was no possible escape, their fate was swift and inevitable. With a howl of execration as they caught sight of my prostrate body, the Mobs seized their *chassepots*, and eagerly thrusting them down the aperture, shot them like rats in a hole. Then swarming down the ladder, they carefully raised what they fully believed to be my corpse, and with great difficulty bore me to the room above.

I must certainly have presented a ghastly spectacle, with my livid face smeared with blood which flowed copiously from my shattered jaw; but although the men dolefully shook their heads, Lacaille insisted on carrying me to the nearest field-ambulance. Arrived there, the doctor, who was evidently of the men's persuasion, could with difficulty be prevailed upon to make any further examination, and very reluctantly, protesting that it was useless, set about attempts at resuscitation. However, to his great amazement and the intense relief of my lieutenant, his efforts were successful, and before Lacaille left he had received the comforting assurance that, although extremely grave, the case was not altogether hopeless. So there I lay throughout the completion of the campaigning disaster, until, at the urgent request of my friend—to whom I undoubtedly owe my life—I was, as soon as practicable, but with great difficulty, removed to Paris, where I received comfort and attention impossible to be obtained in the rough shelter of a field-ambulance.

Thus it happened that when I regained the possession of my faculties once more I found myself lying in the ward of a Paris hospital with my head swathed in bandages.

The interval which elapsed between the firing of the pistol and my return to consciousness had been passed in a kind of feverish nightmare, in which I was continually making frenzied but ineffectual attempts to scale the ladder, which were as invariably frustrated by my mother, who, in the uniform of a Prussian officer, brutally thrust me down again to the bottom. What grieved and puzzled me most in my delirious imaginings was the unaccountable behaviour of the person who should naturally have befriended me; and when I awoke that morning to life and

reason, and found her bending solicitously over me, I thought, in my relief, that I was in heaven. The burning pain in my mouth, however, soon dispelled that illusion, although the doctor has since assured me that it was within an ace of being fulfilled. My life was saved, but it was many days ere I was pronounced fairly out of danger; and the capitulation of Paris was a *fait accompli* before I was strong enough to learn the details of my wonderful escape. That it was indeed a marvellous one I have no hesitation in saying, for if the pistol, instead of being pressed closely against my chin, had been held even two inches away, my head would have been blown to atoms. Placed as it was, however, it missed its purchase, and the bullet, passing clean through the chin and roof of the mouth behind the nose, embedded itself firmly in the forehead beneath the frontal bone, and immediately between the eyes; and there it remained in spite of repeated attempts to dislodge it. No amount of probing availed to move it; and at last, after defying the efforts of the most renowned surgeons in Paris, it was abandoned as hopeless, and I was told I must resign myself to bearing this memento of the Prussians in my forehead to the end of my days.

It was too much. The discomfort I suffered was a mere bagatelle compared with the indignity of the thing; and as soon as I could travel and had obtained a permit I crossed the Channel, and, as a forlorn hope, placed myself in the hands of a celebrated English surgeon. Animated, doubtless, by a desire to outshine our French doctors, as well as by a laudable wish to succeed in the interests of science, he held several consultations with his learned compeers before proceeding to operate. The result of their united deliberations was that he finally drilled a hole or species of tunnel right through the upper part of my nose, and inserting his instrument beneath the bone, probed vigorously for the bullet, but without success. That bullet had evidently found its billet, and at last, after various ineffectual essays to move it, he too, like the Frenchmen, gave it up in despair; and, sick at heart, I quitted the hospital and took rooms at a neighbouring hotel.

I had no intention of returning immediately to Paris, for although my chief object in coming to England had been defeated, I still determined to do some sight-seeing before leaving London.

A few days later a singular thing occurred. As I sat reading the newspapers after breakfast, my nose, without any apparent reason, suddenly began to bleed violently. At the same time I felt the pressure in the region of the forehead released; something dropped into the upper part of my nose; and, putting up my hand, I found the bullet lying in the hole prepared for its reception by the surgeon. As the bleeding still

continued in rather an alarming fashion, I hailed a cab and drove straight to the house of the great doctor. He was at home, fortunately, and having speedily stopped the hæmorrhage and extracted the bullet, insisted on bearing me off in triumph to the hospital, where I was exhibited to an admiring circle of students as a proof of his surgical skill. Some days later the aperture was permanently filled up with a sort of composition; and all that now remains of my night's adventure in Champigny is the two small gray patches which somewhat disfigure each side of my formerly handsome nose.

LIFE AND TIME.

TIME sits in silence, patient, at his loom
And throws untired his shuttles of moon and sun,
And weaves with flying strands of dark and light,
And weaves again for ever, as it wanes,
His pageant of the living hours that die—
Night treading lonely through a land of sleep;
Dawn that has dreams of Night within her eyes;
Day with the bloom of Morning on her cheeks;
Day flushed from labours in the stress of Noon;
And Eve whose eyes are sad with dreams of Day.

And circling in the dazzle and the dark,
In all the ever-fading, growing gloom
And glory, swings the clamorous world of men:
Clamour of Peace, who sows her happy fields
Or feasts with all her sons at harvest-home;
Of War, that wields his lightnings like a god
And thunders god-like from his clouds, and swirls
His red rain on the fields that Peace has sown;
Of Joy, who brims his cup and shouts his songs
Exultant in a bubble-heaven that bursts;
Of Death, who snows his winter where he will,
And walks amid a wailing as of winds;
Of Hope, who, blinded by his first sunrise,
Waits for the slow to-morrow and dies to-day;
Of Love, whose earth and hell and heaven are one;
Of Loss, that whimpers at the heels of Love;
Of Pity and Hate, of Anguish and Despair—

Clamour of all the voices of the world
Moan to him like a murmur of his loom:
But heedless whether men may laugh or weep,
And careless ever though they live or die,
Time sits in silence at his spanless web
And throws untired his shuttles of moon and sun,
And weaves anew his pageant as it wanes—
Dawn that has dreams of Night within her eyes;
Day with the bloom of Morning on her cheeks;
Day flushed from labours in the stress of Noon;
And Eve whose eyes are dim with dreams of Day;
And Night who loiters saddening still for Dawn.

A. ST JOHN ADcock.